

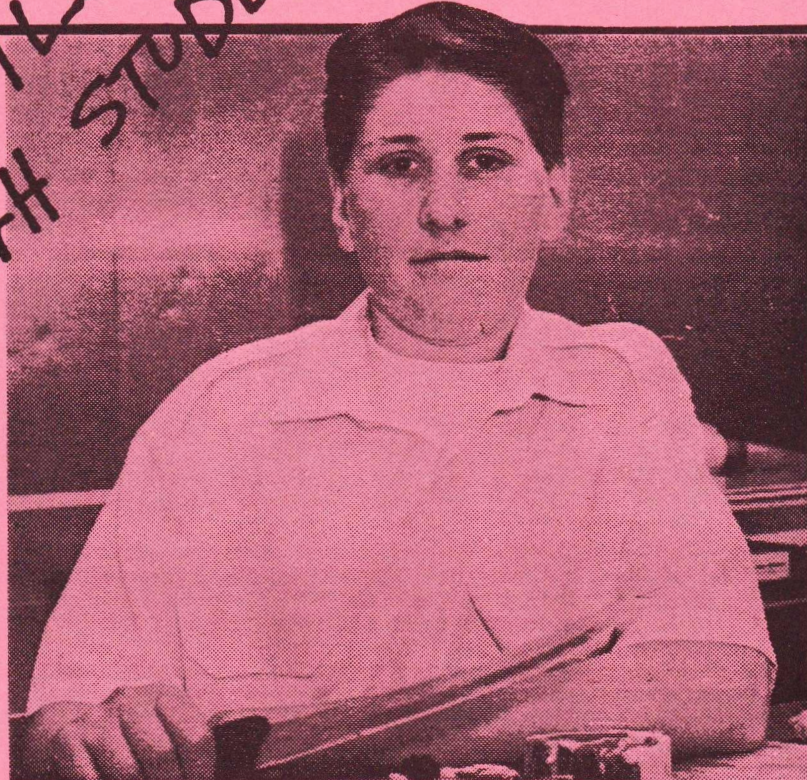
WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL  
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Between the lines

Williamstown high school  
1990 2

EX WILLY  
HIGH STUDENT.



**BUTCHER Paul Woodney — William Angliss Apprentice of the Year.**

## Paul in for his chop

PAUL Woodney, 17, of Williamstown, has won the Sir William Angliss Apprentice of the Year award for butchers.

He works for Fagin's Butchers in the Altona Gate Shopping Centre as a second year apprentice.

"I could not believe it

when I won. I thought the award would go to an older apprentice," he said.

Paul said he 'fell into' being an apprentice butcher and had not looked back. "I used to do the cleaning in the shop and to watch what the butchers were doing

and I knew I would be able to do it," he said.

"I do not regret leaving school, even though I have to get up at 5.30 in the morning.

"Most people think the job is a bit grim, but really it is not like that at all."

Paul received \$500 as part of his prize.

Thanks to Trish Cotter, Irene Korn, Kelly Meddings, Nova Mikin  
Tony Lopreliato, Debbie Monson, Evonne Rolley.

# Principal's Message



The school suffered a tremendous shock with the loss of our esteemed teacher Mr. Nick Wilson who died in September as a result of injuries sustained in a car accident whilst carrying out teaching duties.

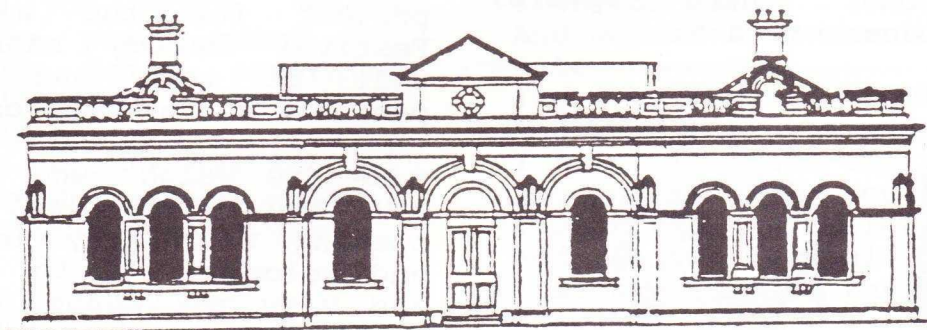
Elsewhere in this publication there are tributes to Nick. Here I wish to express my gratitude and admiration for the support offered to me personally and to the school by many staff members during this most demanding time. I wish to single out Mr. Gavan Boyle who gave untiringly of his time.

I also would like to acknowledge the way in which the students of the school responded to this tragedy. At our memorial assembly the sense of respect, the ability to appreciate the seriousness of the occasion, and the expression of genuine grief, will live on in my memory. Although the assembly was obviously one that we would like to have avoided; it was one of those times when the students of our school had an opportunity to fully demonstrate their maturity and sense of caring. It was revealed in a most powerful way.

A number of students, teachers and parents have approached me to see if something is being planned in Nick's memory.

It has been recommended that a small memorial garden be established and it is hoped that this will be constructed after the summer vacation. If you would like to help - either with labour or contributing towards the cost please let me know in the next few weeks.

Lloyd Jones  
Principal



## Williamstown High School

Established 1915

# Creative arts at willy

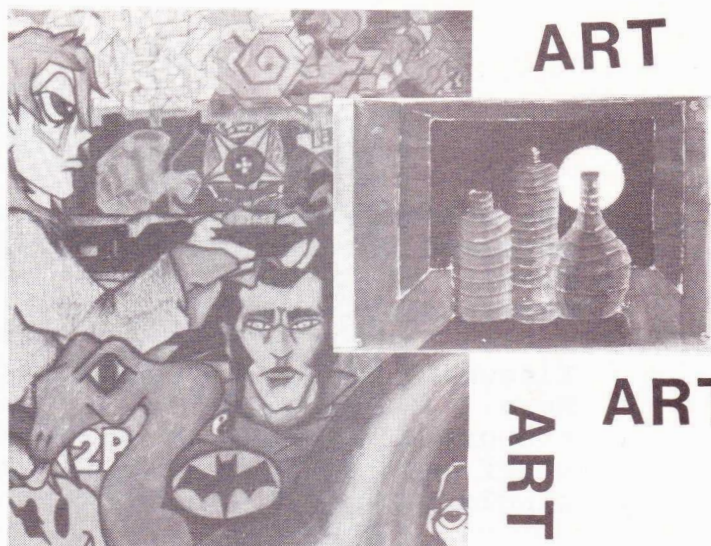
The Art Department have been busy developing courses for VCE and working towards a more consistent program in the school. Our program now allows students to gain expertise in a number of areas; therefore preparing them for whatever area they wish to pursue in the senior years of schooling.

This year both Helen Bacon and Shasta Strauss teach across all year levels, from 7 - 12 which is very demanding but also very productive.

Year 7WM have been working on a calendar which was sold at the school fete. Their work has been excellent - lino cut prints with an aboriginal theme.

In the senior classes two students Paul Robinson Year 12 and Tiffany Webb Year 11 entered drawings in the local Uniting Church Art Show winning 1st and 2nd prize. This year many senior students have been interested in photography and have produced a variety of works of a quality standard.

Alisa Ceman who is studying Year 12 Art became involved in the Small Grants Program where her photography of interiors was chosen for a calendar which is being sold throughout Australia. The launch of the calendar was at the Hilton on the Park on the 29th October where special presentations were made.



**ART**

**ART**

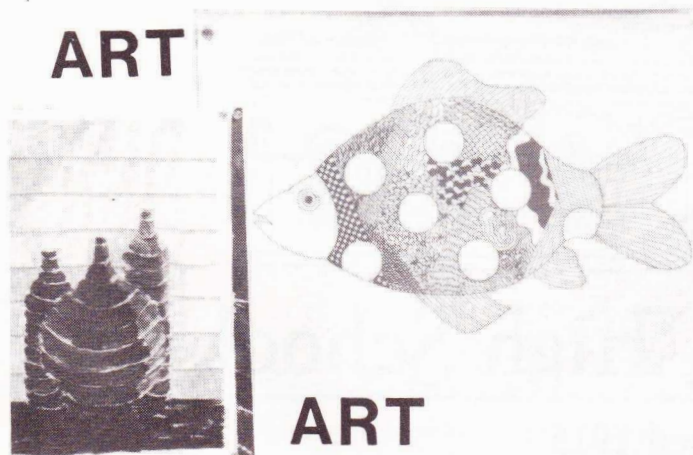
Another big event this year was the Fashion Parade; where our students performed very well with over 30 participants modelling their own work. Clarke Aaron, our resident airbrush/spraycan extraordinaire designed the spectacular back drop for the parade. He spent many hours developing the piece which was very impressive and it enhanced the theme of the show.

Our last but not least effort was an Art display for the students of the school. We had been planning this for some time keeping student artwork for this special event.

Towards the end of the year we hope to involve the Art students in an Exhibition at the Zoo. They are currently working on a project for the Williamstown Festival making masks. These will be worn and used for performances at the Festival.

\* Deidre Waight who taught Art at the school last year is opening a Gallery in Gisborne and welcomes all to come along and view the range of Art and Craft work on sale - Which Craft Gallery, 113 Melton Road, Gisborne.

**ART**



**ART**

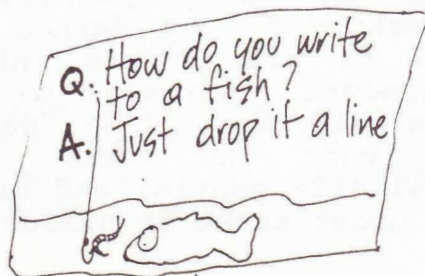
Helen Bacon

# Be young ?

We all know that teenage years are the hardest years of one's life, don't we?

Well, think about this. It was only yesterday, it seems, that I could go off to school without a care in the world. Now they expect me to look after two kids, do all the shopping, do all the house work, and dress in a socially acceptable manner. Where are the days gone when me and all my buddies were dags. We could go down the streets wearing whatever we pleased and people would just say; they're just kids, they'll change as they grow up. We used to laugh and say that we'll always wear daggy clothes and do what we like. But the truth is, that it's not possible. You get a job, you get a dress code with it! Then you suddenly realize you no longer feel comfortable wearing oversized daggy clothes. You want to look nice and feel attractive. Sometimes you wish the ground would swallow you up you feel that unattractive!!

Now that's the easy part about growing up. The hardest part are the decisions. Not decisions as in 'What shall I do today?', but major decisions concerning a house, financial security, marriage, children, and the future. Most go through teen years thinking 'I've got plenty of time to think about the future', but then you get to an age and you think, "Where have all the years gone? I better start doing something about this!" Then it dawns on you that your parents are really not going to support you for the rest of your life, and neither is the government (unless you



think you can live off \$150.00 a week).

Money. I hate money! I hate the man who invented budgets! They are definitely only for those with an accounting degree or those earning enough money that their weekly budget consists of about \$1,000.

At the age of Twenty-five I really can't give you any advice, except make the most of your teen years, don't constantly complain, and remember that they won't, despite all efforts, last forever!



## lasagne

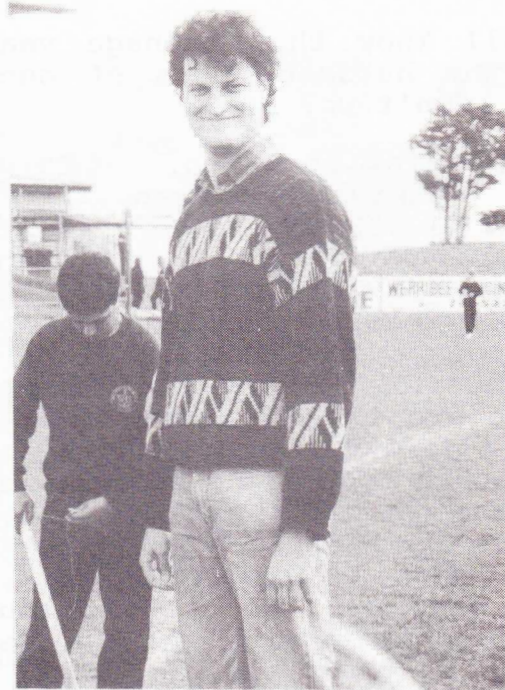
I put the plate of lasagne in front of me,  
And watch as I turn the 'plate,  
I see this delicious square in front of me,  
And wonder if I should take a bite,  
I put my fork in slowly,  
And snip a little off,  
I twist it round and round,  
And put it in my mouth,  
I gently bite it slowly,  
And swallow it whole,  
I slowly turn to take another scoop,  
And find it gone when I look,  
I sadly, slowly put down my fork.

Diana Talevska 8RA

# An esteemed colleague teacher and dear friend

Mr. Nick Wilson a valued staff member since 1988 died on Wednesday, September 26th, as a result of head injuries sustained in a car accident in Yarraville on September 14th. At the time of the accident, Mr. Wilson was engaged in visiting Year 11 students who were on "Work Experience". Mr. Wilson was taken by ambulance to the Casualty Unit at Williamstown Hospital. He was released after four hours of observation. On 16th September he was re-examined and found to be suffering a serious head injury. He was operated on at the Western General Hospital; and seemed to be recovering. On the following day, his condition worsened; and he was moved to intensive care at the Royal Melbourne Hospital. He passed away on Wednesday morning of heart failure. The school has lost a true friend and teacher by this tragic loss. The total school population of students, parents, staff and community members are greatly saddened, and bewildered by his death.

At a moving Memorial Ceremony held at the school on the first day of Term 4, School Council President, Heather Russell, presided. Mr. Jones and Mr. Cook described, on behalf of all present, the immense grief felt. Expressions of sadness were intermingled with musical items, presented by staff and students, to denote our grief; and as a mark of respect for both Nick and his family. This sad article needs to record the gratitude that is very paramount in the minds of all who came to know, work with, or be taught by Nick.



Mr. Wilson joined the staff of Williamstown High in February 1988, as a teacher of Economics. He showed a willingness and enthusiasm for all the tasks he undertook.

He demonstrated resilience, determination and, above all, a deep and genuine affection for young people, which was clearly evident in his career as a teacher and educational leader at the school. In his second year at the school, Nick volunteered to be a part of an innovative team to trial the new Australian Studies course for the VCE. He also co-ordinated the Commerce Faculty in that year. For this year he had also been a very popular Sport's Co-ordinator. His efforts and achievements in this work will have an impact on our state education system for many years to come. He, thus, established himself as a very respected teacher in the community of Williamstown. He earned the respect of all by his intense and sincere approach to his responsibilities. He was a large man but was also intrinsically gentle; and graced with a great sense of humour.

Mr. Jones expressed his utmost regard for Nick - as a teacher and as a person. "It is indeed a great tragedy that one so young and so deeply committed to community service should have his life cut short. All of us at Williamstown High are stunned by Nick's untimely death. We grieve the loss of an esteemed colleague, teacher and dear friend."

## A tribute....

On hearing of his death a range of emotions assailed me. Initially, and most powerfully, I felt a sense of disbelief. A refusal to believe in his death. This emotion was swiftly followed by an overpowering sense of grief. Quickly, this was swept aside by a feeling of anger. Anger at the futility of his death. Another road accident statistic.

Most of these emotions have drained away. I have been left with, as I am sure most of the people in this room have, a deep sense of sadness and loss.

Last Monday there was a gathering of Nick's many friends and relatives. It was at this time that Mr. Jones spoke about Nick's career as a teacher. He spoke of Nick's initial nervousness and uncertainty and of his determination to be a successful teacher. He went on to talk about Nick's enthusiasm for and commitment to teaching. Nick gave an enormous amount of time and energy to the school and genuinely enjoyed working with his students. He often told me that it was the best job he had ever had!

Nick had many friends and it is his friendship and the qualities that went with it that we will miss most of all.

We will miss his  
intelligence  
His strong beliefs and his  
willingness to fight for  
them  
His honesty  
His wonderful sense of  
humour  
His generosity.  
His ability to listen.  
And his loyalty to others.

We cannot change the fact of his death. However, we can gain some comfort from his attitude towards life. Nick had a positive attitude towards life. He learnt from each experience he was exposed to. He fought for his principles, retained a sense of humour, and always looked to the future with optimism.

Steve Cook - Memorial Assembly  
October 8th



NICHOLAS KENT WILSON.

We mourn the untimely loss of a caring and dedicated young teacher, - Principal, Staff, students and School Council.  
Williamstown High School.

# A gate is open for business

With hard work and enthusiasm a small band of teachers and friends of Willy High have constructed a Commemorative Gate for the 75th Anniversary. Working ably under the supervision of Brian Metherall a pitched gatehouse with distinctive lettering has been constructed.

The structure was largely financed by a bequest from a past student, Joseph Landy and various other donations from past students.

On 7th September, some 100 people gathered in the school library to celebrate the official opening of the gate. After some reminiscing and refreshments the group moved to the Commemorative Gate area. After some short speeches Williamstown High School Council President, Heather Russell, with her golden scissors cut the necessary ribbons to rousing cheers and flashing cameras.

The gathering then christened the gate by walking through to the next 75 years of Williamstown High School.

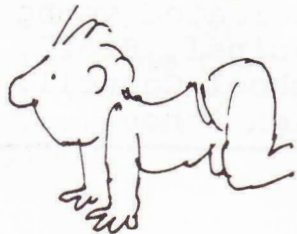
Cheers Willy High.

## children

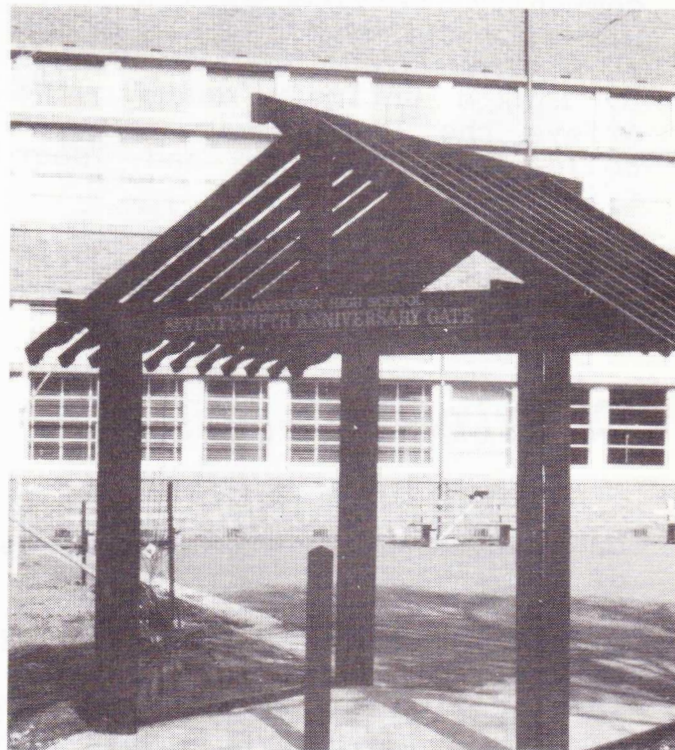


My cousin Sam is three years old. He is a cheerful child, very happy and lively. His face is round and smooth. He has fair wiry hair and blue eyes. He is snub nosed and freckled. His hair is always tousled.

Dimitar Stojkov 8RA



## children



## children



His eyes are clear blue completely trusting and a bit quizzical. His butterfly blonde curls and ringlets frame his chubby face like a halo. His rosy cheeks and mouth are pink and healthy. His voice is high and sweet. His posture and movements are faltering.

Ebony Morrison 7GH



## children

He has soft skin, a cute nose and a fragile head. He is round and fat.

Brooke Forrester 7GH



# Fashion Parades itself



On Tuesday the fourth of September, the annual local schools' fashion parade was held at Williamstown North Secondary College. The schools involved in the parade were: Paisley, Point Gellibrand, Williamstown High and Williamstown North Secondary College. The night was very successful with a huge turnout of viewers.

The night started with three girls singing and performing to the songs "Baby Love" and "Stop In The Name Of Love" by the Supremes. After that item was finished, five girls from Williamstown North Secondary College, danced to Madonna's song "Vogue". The last item was a dance performed by: Rash, Adam, George, Robert and Hussam, senior students from Williamstown North. The song they danced to was a rap song called "Bust A Move" by Young Mc.

Throughout the parade, different types of music were played to suit the clothes that were being shown. There were a lot of interesting clothes displayed. The audience cheered and screamed so obviously they enjoyed the night.

The backdrop on the stage was the work of skillful spraypaint artist Clarke Aaron Year twelve student at this school. The piece was complemented all throughout the night by many people.



Miss Spragg organised us well and she took a lot of her own free time to help us finish off our clothes and give us information about the parade. She showed us how to walk down the catwalk properly and helped boost our confidence.

Thanks Miss Spragg for an excellent and enjoyable night.

Carly Learmonth  
10SC

# Tootsie reminisces

My first day at Williamstown High School was so exciting. I rode my new (secondhand) bike, wore my broad-brimmed straw hat, my new green dress and navy blazer. I met up with some friends from primary school and we all waited expectantly to be placed in Houses. If we had older brothers and sisters there was no choice, so it was Dingoes (Red) for me.

Our assemblies were held in the quadrangle where we all stood to hear the week's news. Our headmaster stood on a wooden box so we could see him. Later on we had the use of the Naval Drill Hall and the headmaster, senior teachers, prefects and sometimes guest-speakers would parade in to music by the school pianist.

I remember Anzac Day services very well as I helped to make the floral wreaths that were presented. Some boys in the school cadets would be selected to form the Guard of Honour and slow-march into the hall to the beat of the drum. The Last Post was played on the bugle. It was very moving.

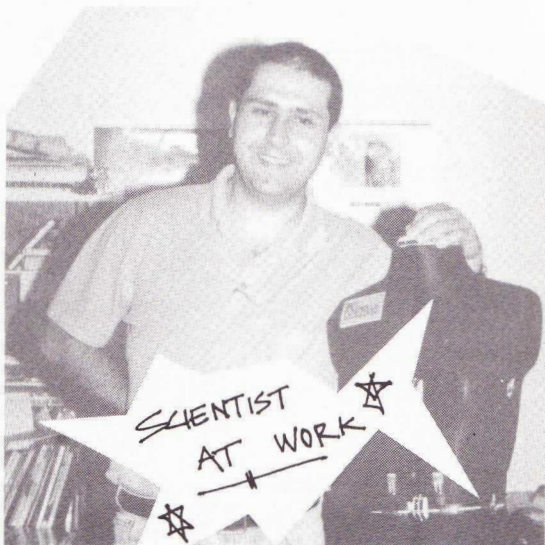
The fun times were sports days, sometimes travelling as far as Ballarat and Geelong. Our school colour was yellow, so we would have ribbons pinned to our blazers, dolls dressed in yellow paper, and streamers. I was so exuberant in cheering for our swimmers or athletes that I would come home hoarse.



Our House Sports were different but always great fun. My cupie dolls' clothes were changed to red and we made red ribbons to wear. Everyone had to be in the marching contest and we must have practised at lunchtimes. In first form I was one of the tall girls. By sixth form I was one of the short girls in the middle. The House banners were paraded in front.

Prefects were privileged students with extra responsibilities like catching late-comers at the gates, organizing clean-up time at the sports, organizing the Senior Social which was held at the end of each term. The rooms which are now C4 and C5 were 11 and 12 and opened into one big room. This was our dance hall. Some teachers came and we thought it wonderful if we danced with them.

The girl prefects had use of what is now the Parents' Pavilion. We had a wood-fire in winter and toasted our sandwiches. One senior boy used to sneak in and steal lunches, so one prefect organized a special sandwich of grated soap and mustard. I don't know if he toasted it, but it solved our problem.



In our 4th and 5th Year we were awarded Intermediate and Leaving Certificates. We had to sit and listen as the teacher read out our names alphabetically and announced if we had passed or failed. As my name was near the end I was a nervous wreck. It was even worse when we did our 6th Year, Matriculation. We had to wait for a day in January when our number was printed in lengthy columns in the daily paper.

It has been interesting thinking back about the good and bad old days. School was always interesting for me, in fact I never wanted to leave.

I am glad I have been able to be part of the 75th celebrations.

Tootsie!

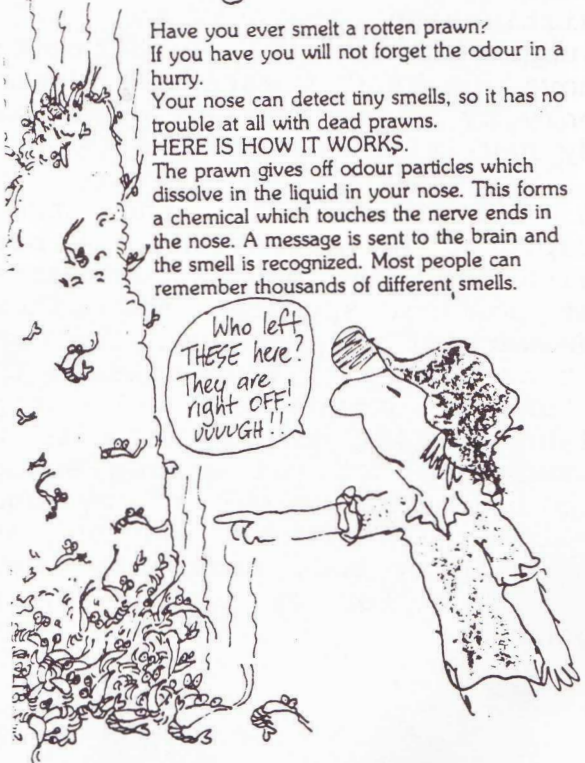
## Smelling

Have you ever smelt a rotten prawn? If you have you will not forget the odour in a hurry.

Your nose can detect tiny smells, so it has no trouble at all with dead prawns.

HERE IS HOW IT WORKS.

The prawn gives off odour particles which dissolve in the liquid in your nose. This forms a chemical which touches the nerve ends in the nose. A message is sent to the brain and the smell is recognized. Most people can remember thousands of different smells.



# Dreaming

The moist, green grass tickles my feet. Never-ending trees are gathered around me, waving slightly in the wind with welcome, reaching out to the flawless sky above. I slowly move through a clearing to gain a better view of the water, which forms a giant round puddle, green in colour.

I pause, not wanting to cause disruption. I feel I am intruding on land where I have no place.

An irretrievable smile crosses my face as my senses share my surroundings. The sunlight uneven and distorted through the trees casts shadows cross the ground.

I move to the edge of the water. I see my reflection and the water suddenly transforms into a wet mirror, reflecting all immediate surroundings. In the reflection I observe a long shaped creature, green in colour, moving slowly towards my face. It is of clear distinction against my yellow jumper-background. I discreetly move my hand towards it, using only my wet mirror to guide me. My new friend disappears.

A disturbance in the trees captures my attention. A bird with the most magnificent array of colours appears, and sings, unaware of my presence. Eyeing it carefully, I move towards the stunning creature. I trip, landing flat on my face as my hands are not yet strong enough to hold the weight of my body falling. Without moving any part of my body except my head, I search for my bird. It is gone.



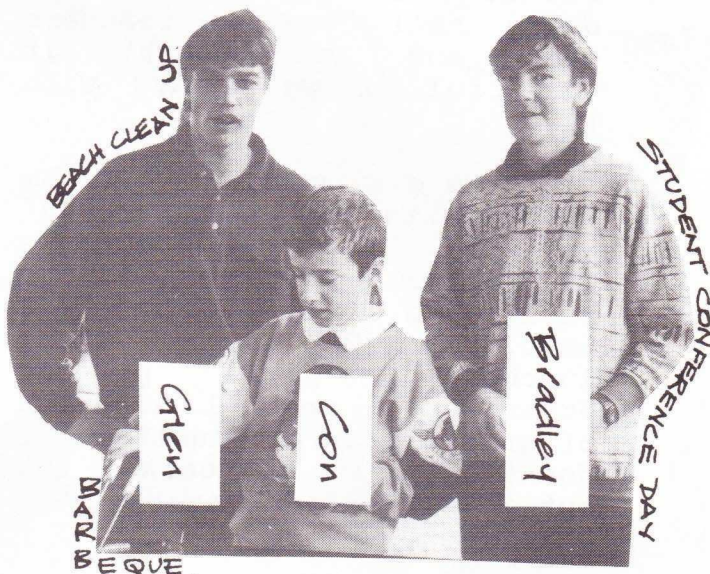
IN THE SNOW - YEAR 11

I wail, scream, yell, kick, out of pain, out of anger for losing sight of my bird. I exhaust myself.

I stop the cries, realising no-one can hear me. I pull myself to my feet, a great effort. I wipe my forehead and nose with the sleeve of my pull-over. A red smear of blood appears, I don't know from where, but I ignore it.

My surroundings seemed to have changed. The mirror is broken, thus turning it back to mere water. I stare at it hard, and a fish jumps and startles me. I run, as hard and fast as I can, and again, I am crying.

Sunnye Hughes  
Point Gellibrand



Stand in a doorway and press the backs of your hands hard against the door jamb for 30 secs. to 1 min.

Then relax, put your hands down and they will

float upward

# Student Conference Day

For the second year in a row, students at Williamstown High Secondary College have participated in a Student Conference Day.

During the morning session students were able to participate in a "Have Your Say Session", where they were able to hear about and comment on Curriculum Proposals for 1991, School Rules, Uniform Policy, Buildings and Grounds as well as discover the decision making processes used.

Some of the comments made by students follow:-

## Buildings and Grounds

- Grey Board
- Tennis Courts repaired
- Cafeteria
- More grassed areas
- More bins in gallery
- Repair basketball rings and court

## Equipment

- New computers
- Carpet in C2 and S2
- Class set of McIntosh or IBM Compatible



## Curriculum

Activities should return to the timetable

Art should be an elective at Year 9

Separate humanities -

Geog/History

More Physical Education

The SRC is presently working out areas of priority in consultation with students. They will also determine what action will be taken to communicate with the Staff and School Council to bring about results.

The second session allowed students in Years 7 and 8 to discuss the role of an SRC in a school. Most schools in Victoria have some sort of students chosen to represent student views in the school. Students discussed 'Why have an SRC?' 'How effective is our SRC?' and 'What can a SRC do?'

Students in Years 9 and 10 took part in a session on the VCE. This enabled them to clarify some misunderstandings about the new course. They were given a publication outlining the features of VCE.

Session three involved students listening to a range of guest speakers. Once again students demonstrated how well they could receive visitors. Our first speaker was Craig Marshall, Youth Worker at Williamstown Council, who spoke about the many ways youth could participate in decision making in this local area. He invited students to nominate for positions on the Youth Advisory Council. This council advises on issues of interest and concern to youth.

Our second speaker Mrs. Helen Tregear represented the 'Friends of Williamstown Rifle Range'. She spoke of the many ways in which our school could be involved with conserving the area.

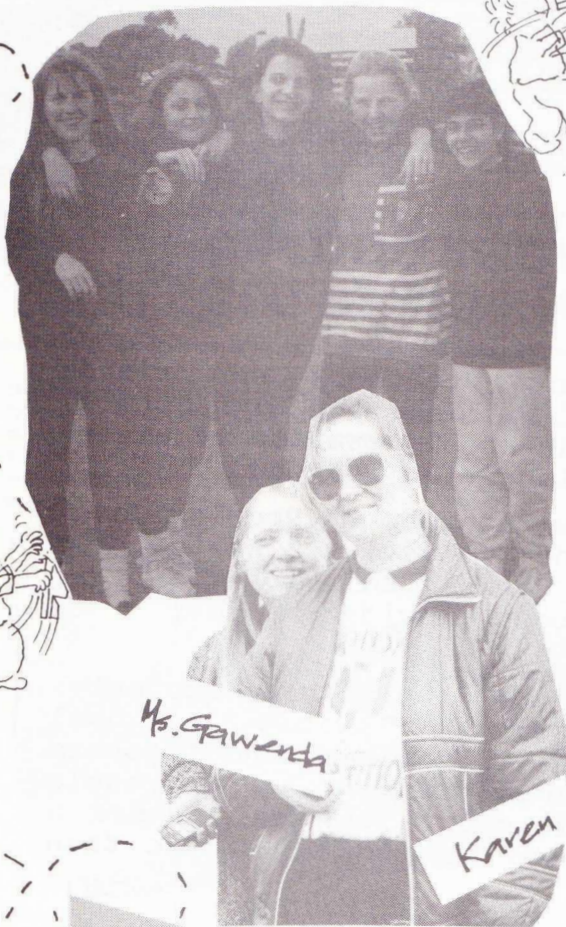
The afternoon involved students and staff participating in a barbeque lunch and a local beach clean up of the coastline in co-operation with Williamstown City Council.

Many thanks to Lloyd Jones who initiated and developed the idea of a Student Conference Day. Thanks also to John Pobjoy, Bill Bournoxtsis, Tony Loprieto and Brian Metherall who assisted greatly. Thanks are also extended to the STC Science Class for planning the beach clean up and members of the SRC for their planning help.

Annette Wregg



# After a wet start....



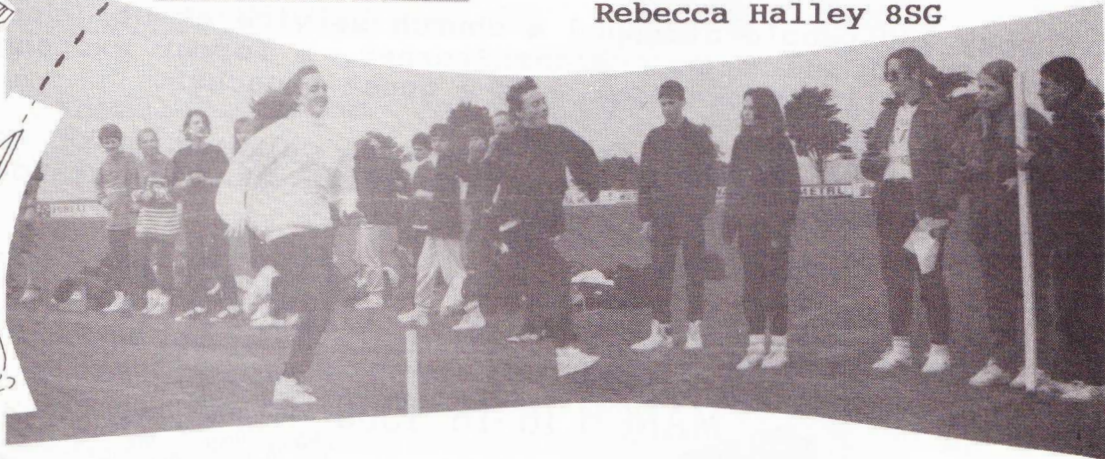
After many cancellations due to rainy days we finally held the Athletic Sports/Trials on Friday 31st of August at the Williamstown Football Ground.

Years 9 and 10 competed in the morning and Years 7 and 8 in the afternoon.

The Main events were the 100 metre sprint, 200 metre, 400 metre, 800 metre and the 1500 metres. Both Michael Horner and Suzie Veljanoska each gained three firsts in the Year 9 and 10 events. Glenn Farnham and Sherona Healy also received three firsts in Years 7 and 8. Great effort from them and everyone else was trying their best.

A great day was had by all and hopefully we will do just as well at Aberfeldie.

Sue Anne Cowmeadow  
Rebecca Halley 8SG



George, the station master at Deep Creek Crossing has made a terrible mistake. He has lost the timetable for the trains today.

All he can remember is that

1. The goods train is at 8 o'clock
2. The local train is at 9 o'clock
3. The express train is at 10 o'clock
4. The parcels train is at 11 o'clock

But he can't remember which are in the morning and which are in the afternoon.

He does remember a few other

→ 5. There is at least one train between the goods train and the local train.

6. Either the express train or the parcels train comes after the goods train but he is not sure which.

7. The express train is not between the local train and the parcel train.

When does each train come?

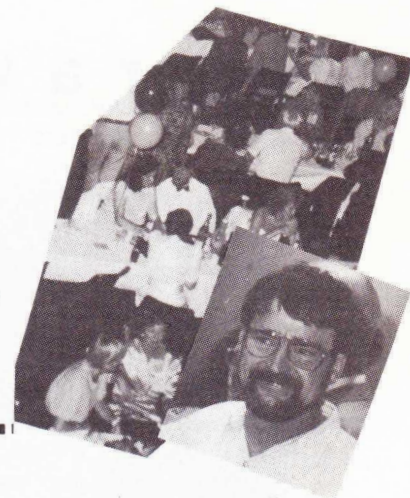


# Williamstown High School



Established 1915

**THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL  
REACHES THE RIPE OLD AGE  
OF "THREE SCORE & FIFTEEN."**



## Wow! what a weekend.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

In March some 1500 former students, teachers and friends celebrated the 75th anniversary of Williamstown High School. Many people travelled from overseas and interstate to attend the activities planned for the celebration weekend.

A school assembly, attended by the then Deputy Premier Joan Kirner and guest speakers began the activities. At this assembly ex students and teachers reminisced about their school days. The School Concert Band provided musical entertainment.

Saturday afternoon saw the school overflow with ex students, teachers and friends making a "return" visit. School memorabilia was displayed and present students and teachers provided afternoon teas. On Saturday night some 600 people attended a dinner dance at Williamstown Town Hall where a cheque for \$10,000 was presented to the school by the then Deputy Premier Joan Kirner.

On Sunday 200 people attended a church service at St John's Uniting Church where Rev. Alana Sterner, a former exchange student at Williamstown High, was a guest preacher.

The weekend celebrations were a wonderful culmination of the 75th anniversary of people and education at Williamstown High School.

## 75th Anniversary Celebrations

MARCH 16 -18, 1990

March 75th Anniversary  
Williamstown HS

One of the oldest high schools in the State is to celebrate its 75th anniversary this year. Opened in 1915, the school has a long interesting history with some present students now being grandchildren of past students. The celebration weekend will include dinner dance, a "back to school" and a church service.

Ex-students or former teachers should contact Ms Iris Whitehouse, Community Liaison Officer, Williamstown High School, Pasco Street, Williamstown 3016. Telephone 397 1878 or 397 1899.



Thousand students have passed through the school, many of whom still live in the area. The school was originally Williamstown Grammar School, established in 1867. It did not become Williamstown High School until 1915. It is this renaming the school will celebrate. The school colors are red, yellow and black, as those of the original school. The school flag is the same as the original. The school was opened by Sir Alexander Peacock on 15 May, 1921. Many buildings have since been added to the original bluestone classrooms.

The school motto was then "Hold Fast," despite fierce lobbying from the then principal, Mr F W Johnson, who suggested "Don't Drift", a reference to an apparent lack of commitment from students towards their education. The school was officially opened by Sir Alexander Peacock on 15 May, 1921. Many buildings have since been added to the original bluestone classrooms. The first serious setback to the development of the school occurred in 1970, when fire





**Willi High  
75 years**

WILLIAMSTOWN High School, one of the Victoria, will celebrate its 75th anniversary next year. The celebration we planned for March will include a "WHS" afternoon dinner dance and an historical

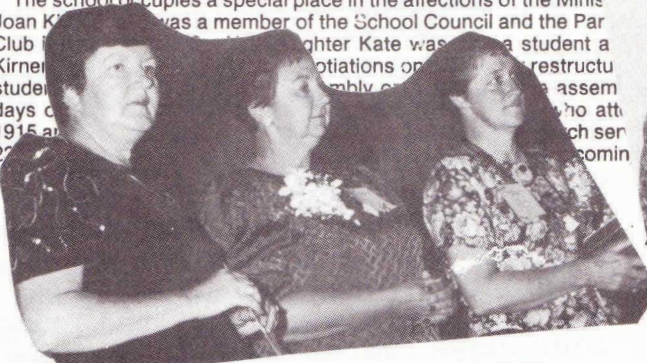


# Willi High kicks up its heels for 75th birthday

## Williamstown High: from entrance exams to STC

Williamstown High School is celebrating 75 years of bringing secondary education to what has been, until recent years, principally a working-class community. When the school opened in 1915 there were already 23 technical schools and 10 secondary schools in Victoria, but only three high schools in Melbourne—Essendon, St Albans and University. Williamstown was the first high school in Melbourne's inner suburbs.

The school occupies a special place in the affections of the Minnie Joan Kirner, who was a member of the School Council and the Parents' Club. Her daughter Kate was a student at Williamstown High. Kirner's negotiations on the school's reconstruction were a major part of her work as a member of the Victorian Government. She attended the school's 25th anniversary in 1940 and the 50th in 1965.



WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL  
75th ANNIVERSARY - March 16 - 18, 1990

**Friday, 16th March - 11.00 a.m. to 12 noon**  
School Assembly.  
Guest of Honour: The Hon. J. Kirner, MLA  
Deputy Premier and Minister for Education.

**Saturday 17th March - 1.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.**  
"Back-To-School" commencing with a welcome assembly in the school hall. Reunion gatherings will follow at the school:  
1915 - 1930's students - Quadrangle Building, Rooms C4 and C5.  
1940 - 1960's students - Administration Building, Rooms A1, A2 and A3.  
1970 - 1980's students - Library Building Upstairs, Rooms L6 and L7.  
A special historical display can be seen in Rooms L1 and L2 (Library Block).  
Lunch and Afternoon Tea will be available in The Quadrangle, where the School Choir will perform.  
Souvenir mementos can be purchased (see back page).

**Sunday 18th March - 7.30 p.m. to 1.00 p.m.**  
Dinner-dance in the Williamstown Town Hall. The raffle for the water-colour painting will be drawn at this function.

WILLIAMSTOWN High School will be celebrating its 75th birthday with Dingoos, Koalas, Possums and Wombats this weekend as the school celebrates its 75th anniversary. As former students would recall, the animal names are from the school's old house system. A reunion will be held in the school hall in Melbourne on this Saturday and

These are the culmination of months of work. More than 1300 letters were sent out to past students late last year with hundreds more going out this year.

The community development officer of the school, Iris Williams, said



## Back to Willi High

WILLIAMSTOWN High School's 75th anniversary committee expects a big turn-up at a reunion in the school hall, cnr Melbourne and Pasco St, on Saturday 17 March, 1 to 4pm.

A large crowd is also anticipated at a dinner-dance on the same night at Williamstown Town Hall. A limited number of tickets is available for the event. Early booking is advised.

On Sunday 18 March there will be a service at St John's Uniting Church, 100 Spectra St, followed by a school reunion at the school.

The anniversary was celebrated by Mrs Iris Williams, who said letters had been sent to 1300 former students and teachers throughout Australia, England and Singapore.

School's 75th year

Those old school days



# Ahoy sailor

## Sailing the Lakes

It is 7.30am on a Monday morning at Spencer Street Station, and there are people everywhere. At the end of one of the platforms is a group of kids sprawled out along benches and seats, still half asleep amongst bags and pillows. A girl walks in and out of bodies with a video camera on her shoulder, filming anything that walks, talks or moves.

On the 2nd of April, 1990, 28 students and 6 teachers caught the 7.45am train from Spencer Street to Bairnsdale, near Lakes Entrance. It was a four hour trip, and I still reckon that video camera was rolling all the way!

We got off at Bairnsdale, and Mr. Cook and Ms. Yankos directed us onto a bus that would take us to Swan Reach. Well, we thought it would, but we ended up getting off some place up the road and walking the rest of the way. Thirty people dragging cases, bags and pillows down a highway must have been a sight!

Mr. Vincent, Mr. Repka, Ms Pinneri and Ms. Mitreva met us at the restaurant (disguised as a roadhouse with Wednesday night bingo) after lunch.

After waiting for what seemed like hours for a certain male teacher who said he knew what he was doing, to collect the two other boats and bring them down to the pier, another certain sea-faring teacher was so eager to board the boats that he mustn't have been listening too good.



"Remember to fill up with water on Tuesday, Wednesday at the latest".

"Sure, sure", came the reply. He told you, Sir! But you didn't listen.

The 'Glengarry' was a 6-Birth, and headed by Ms. Yankos and Mr. Vincent, and both the 'Ambassador' and the 'Crusader' were 10-Births, with Ms. Metrieva and Mr. Cook, and Ms. Pinneri and Mr. Repka in charge.

Many activities over the next four days were said to be pre-planned and fool-proof. Most of them went off without a hitch, like visiting some Wildlife Park on an island in the middle of nowhere, following a school of tame dolphins around the waterways, going for a one hour night-walk down 90 Mile Beach - although it felt like 900 miles.

But by the time Wednesday night rolled around, nobody was impressed.

"How can we have a shower without water, Mr. Cook?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Of course there's water. Isn't there?"  
Some people just don't listen.

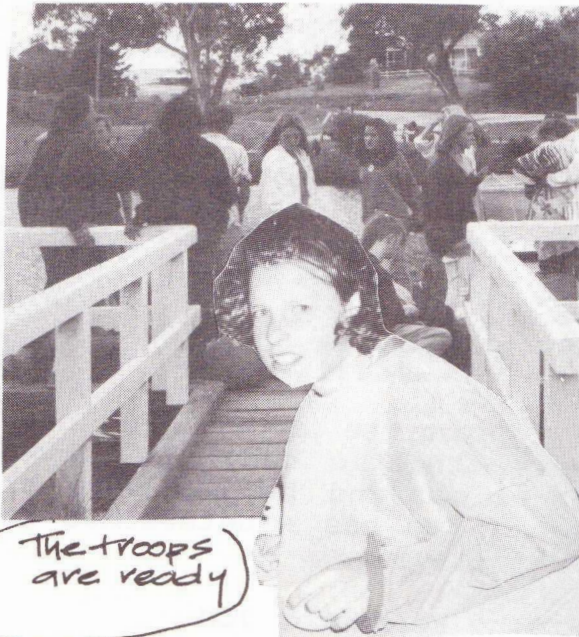
Even the simplest task seemed to be made difficult by some people.

'Docking the boat is a man's job, stay out of the way.'

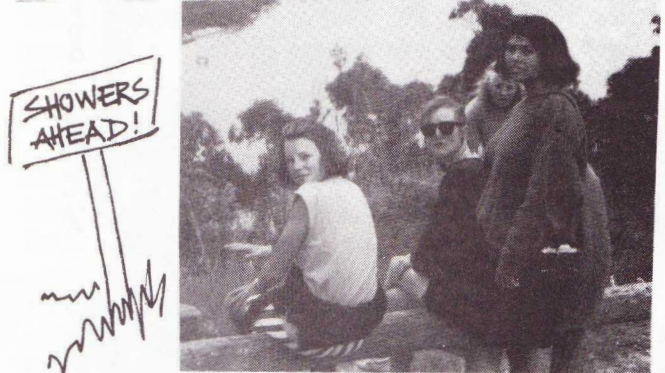
But a certain 'man' can't even remember to keep his feet out of the way of the boat - He got them crushed between the boat and the pier. But I suppose it gave the teachers a chance to refill the boat's water supply on the way to the hospital!

During the week we spent alot of our time going for 1/2 hour-come-3 1/2 hour walks, but this one takes the cake! On Thursday while two teachers took a certain 'man' to the hospital, Mr. Cook thought we'd all like to go to the hot springs in Metung. Great, we thought. About time we had a decent shower, but a bath was even better. So we all set off with towels and soap in one hand, shampoo in the other, expecting to arrive at a beautiful, hot, bubbling rock pool in about 1/2 hour. For a person who 'knew the route like the back of his hand', why did we have to trek through seaweed and quicksand, then have to sneak through the property of a local convent? We wouldn't have cared that much if, after 1 1/2 hours, we arrived at our beautiful springs, but we didn't get what we expected. Eventually, we did arrive at Metung's hot springs. They turned out to be two round ceramic baths to hold about 10 people, filled with luke-warm water!(After washing our hair, I don't think they'll ever be the same again.) By the way, we took the back way home. It took about 1/2 hour.

But the highlight of the camp had to be the ceremony that followed the elegant progressive dinner, held on all of the three boats.



The troops are ready

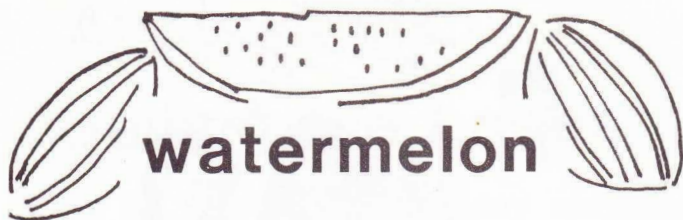


I seem to recall that the moon was very clear that night, right Larry? The teachers and a few students locked themselves in a boat, and devised the plan. After being kept in suspense for about an hour, Mr. Cook ordered us onto one of the boats, and drove us out into the middle of the water. We were told to stay quiet and listen to a prayer written by some guy nobody has ever heard of before. Then we were 'christened' with names according to our traits or personalities, relating to the sea - some even by their relationships, right Mr. & Mrs. Seahorse?

So, as you can see, it was a most interesting camp. A good time was had by all - with special thanks to Tom Cruise for the entertainment!

I just feel sorry for Year 11's next year.

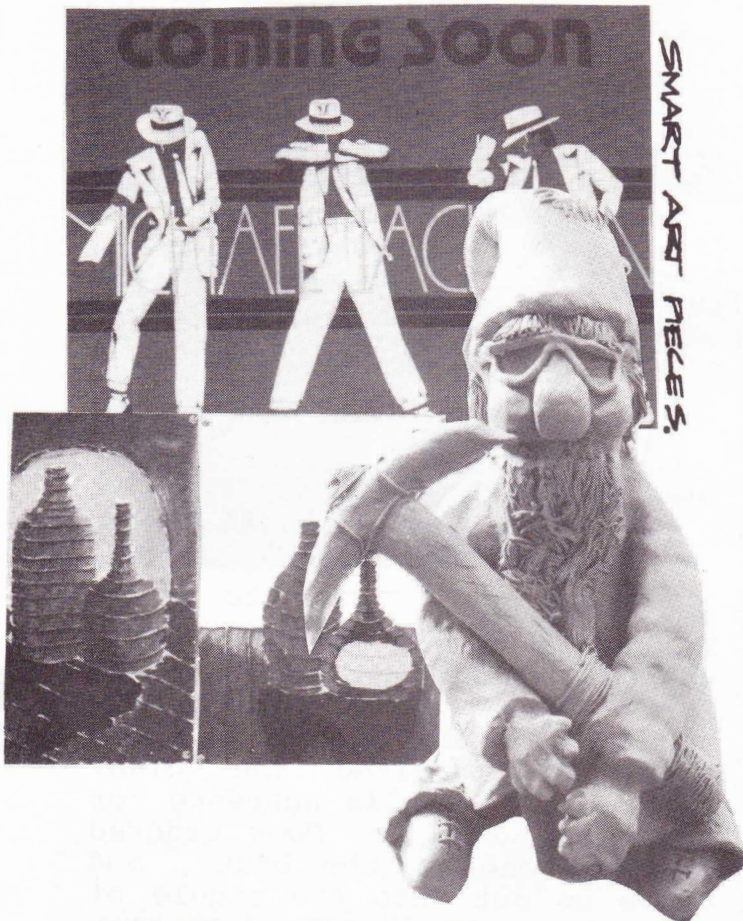
Denise Kinnaird Year 11



## watermelon

I sit there looking at it  
I think watermelon is such a  
delight  
I gently pick it up  
Then I dive in and take a bite.

Johnny Wong 8RA



## tennis player

The pro tennis player is all dressed up in the Reebok runners, Lacoste skirt and shirt. She is just about ready to go onto the court. With the taste of winning she is ready to get out there and beat the best. After the game she will be sweaty, dirty and tired. Her hair is slicked back for she does not want her hair getting into her eyes. Her movement is graceful with every shot she goes for. Her swing is divine as she just plops the ball over the net.

Talina Rolley 7GH



## Happy Memories

Brooke Hipworth and I interviewed Isabell Y. Caithness who was a former student of Williamstown High School during the early 1920s. She was a lovely old lady who enjoyed our company and told us about her life and adventures of her school days at Williamstown High.

Isabell has happy memories and allowed us to share them with her. She told us about the curriculum, teachers, students, principal as well as good times and bad times.

Isabell also had the opportunity to work in the school office for a couple of years before going on and working for another firm as an accountant.

The highlight of the interview was when Isabell allowed us to have a look at an award given to her by the Queen which was an M.B.E. award. It stands for "Member of the Order of the British Empire" and I may add that she was quite proud of her award.

Overall, the interview was to our advantage because of Isabell allowing us to share some of her school life as well as her life after that.

Jackie Gorgioska Year 12.

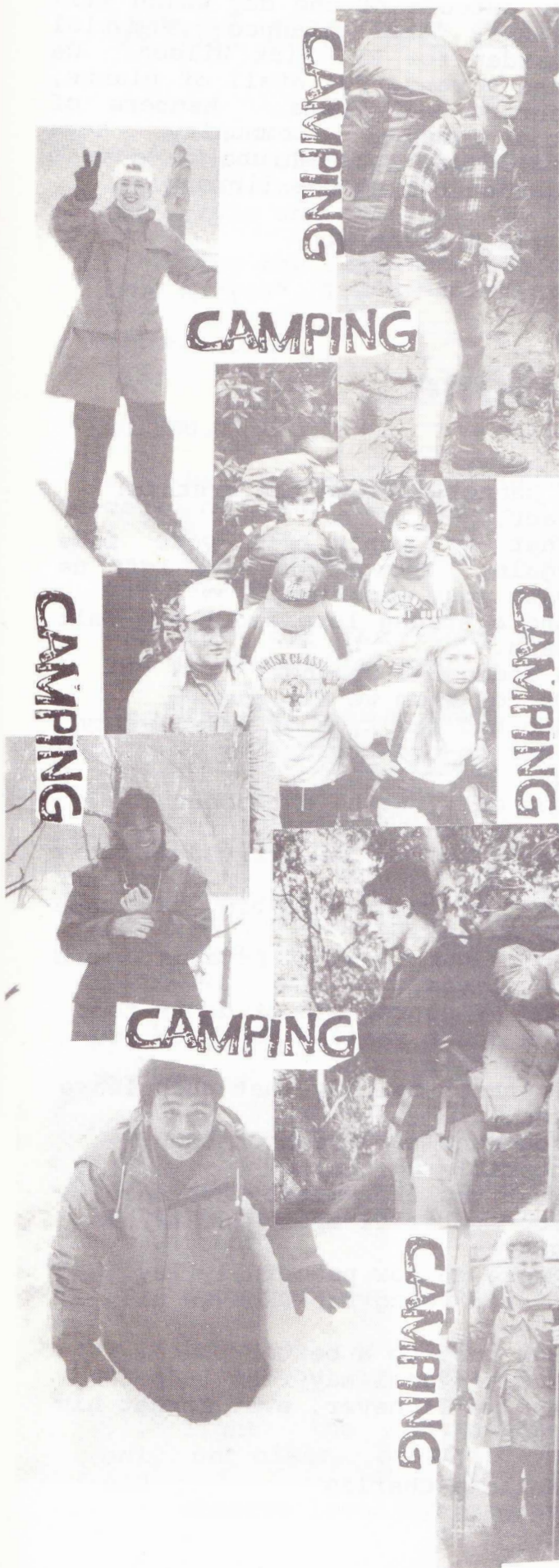
## Favourite footballer



My favourite footballer has a very athletic body. He is very energetic and he has warm blue eyes. He has a determined face when playing.

Brooke Forrester 7GH

# Outdoor Education - 1990



This is the first year that Outdoor Education has been offered at Willy High. A mix of students from the three W.P.S.E.C. campus's have undertaken the course this year.

In first term we did archery and bike riding. The highlight of this was a two day bike ride from Ballarat to Williamstown.

In term two we tackled orienteering and bushwalking. The orienteering was important for the development of map reading and navigation skills. This activity took place at school, around Williamstown (Fearon and Botanical Gardens) and we competed in an orienteering afternoon at Brimbank Park.

With the bushwalking we learnt about the right equipment and food and completed a day walk through the Werribee Gorge and an overnight walk in the Lerderderg Gorge area.

During second semester the activities have been cross-country skiing and we are now beginning canoeing. For cross-country skiing we spent six weeks on fitness development and learning about safety in the snow.. We then went to Lake Mountain for a three day camp where we learnt to ski.

Steve Vincent





## Annual fete

Our Annual Fete was held on Saturday 20th October at the School Hall. This year we also invited people to hold their own stalls to make a Craft Market on the Tennis Court area to attract more customers. Two stall-holders made the trip from Ballarat for the day. Some beautiful handicrafts were displayed for sale but stall-holders had to brave the elements and unfortunately the afternoon weather meant some packed-up earlier than expected.

Preparation for the Fete was in the hands of a small but dedicated band of parents and a few parents who no longer have students at the school. Some very enthusiastic students joined in with new ideas. On the day of the Fete we had more parents and students who had volunteered. We are very grateful to the people young and old who gave time, money and donations of goods to raise approximately \$2,000.

The school is also grateful to the local shop-owners and other businesses who donated money or goods to our Fete.

Our Year 7 students worked very hard for the Fete, especially 7GH who produced the "Halls of Horror". Many children and a few brave parents squealed their way through the blackened room to the accompaniment of eerie music.

Guess the Teacher was not a financial success but the teachers' baby photos caused a great deal of laughter and conversation. Thank you to the girls of 7WM for their work.

Year 11 girls were very capable kitchen organizers and ceramics students attended the stall selling students' work.

An outcome of the day which will remain is planned Memorial Garden for Mr. Nick Wilson. We had a wonderful stall of plants, shrubs and trees. Members of the school community have purchased some shrubs to make a garden behind the library.

Iris Whitehurst

## Gone...

I cannot believe the truthful fact,  
That we won't see your face again,  
Though you have left us with your memories,  
And a strong love and heart-felt pain.  
A dedicated teacher,  
One of whom we all adored,  
Who had the type of personality,  
That no-one could ever get tired of.  
Not only was he a teacher,  
But a great and loyal friend,  
From the day he arrived at this school,  
To the tragic day his life came to an end.  
So sad his friends and relatives,  
And of course his students too,  
You don't realise how much you love them,  
To the fatal day that they leave you.  
You want to take back the horrible things,  
That you ever might have said.  
You can still apologise to his grave,  
Where he now peacefully lay.  
A nice young man whom we all loved,  
Has gone to a better place.  
Now his soul may rest in peace,  
And we'll never, ever forget his face.

Melissa Charles  
Year 11

# What are we doing ?



The following questionnaire pin-points many of the ways in which individuals can act to minimise the impact of their lifestyle and behaviour on the environment.

Try the questionnaire on yourself and others. Score 2 for a "yes", 1 for "sometimes" and 0 for "no".

In the home:

## POLLUTION

DO YOU...

... save newspapers, drink cans and glass for recycling?

... compost vegetable peelings and garden clippings?

... use biodegradable soap and detergents?

... minimise your use of pesticides?

... turn off the light when you go out of the room?

... use a hand lawn mower, or if a powered model, use only when permitted by noise control regulations (7 am-8 pm Mondays to Fridays; 9 am-8 pm weekends?)

... reduce energy used for heating and cooling by installing insulation?

... use solar energy where possible?

... consider the neighbours and keep noise levels down when your stereo's playing?

In the garden:

DO YOU...

... use water wisely?

... encourage birds and other wildlife by growing native trees?

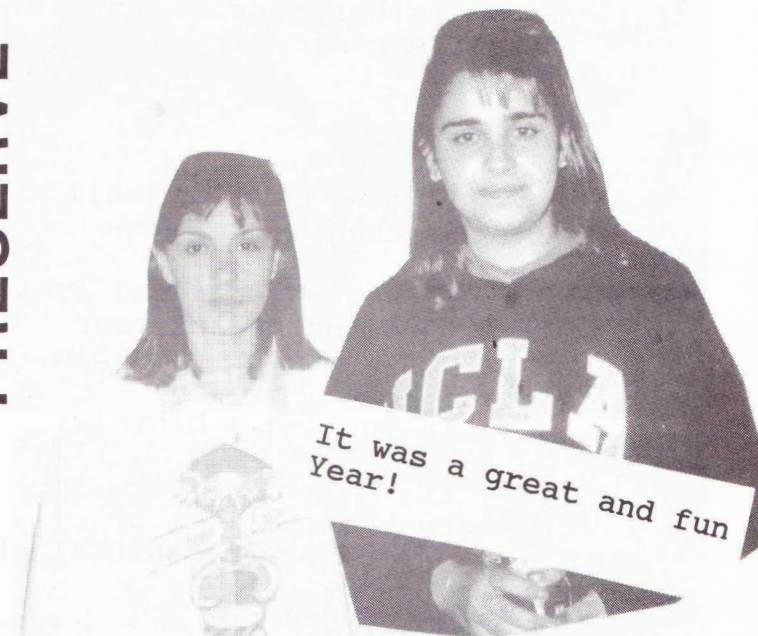
... grow your own vegetables?

... remember not to burn plastic in your incinerator?

... light the incinerator only on clear, breezy days, and observe local by-laws?

Are you green?

## PRESERVE



Year 12 will be a year that I will always remember. One of my best years at school. There were ups and downs but I got through it.

At school or work:

DO YOU...

... ever think about the impact on the environment of what you do at work?

... to save energy, turn off lights and equipment when not being used?

... take an interest in the landscaping around your building?

... organise car-sharing to save fuel and reduce traffic jams?

... recycle envelopes for internal mail, and reverse used

Outdoors:

DO YOU...

... take care not to litter, or drop lighted matches and cigarette butts?

... visit National Parks and Wildlife reserves?

ADD 5 POINTS ...

... If you have a small car (rather than a large one).

... If you walk or use public transport instead of your car wherever possible.

... If you use a bicycle.

... If you belong to a conservation society or environmental/naturalist group.

... If you choose goods in returnable bottles.

... If you buy products with minimum packaging.

AND SUBTRACT 10 POINTS...

... If you burn leaves in gutters.

... If you've ever harmed native birds or other animals.

... If you've ever disposed of unwanted kittens or puppies by dumping them in the bush.

SCORES:

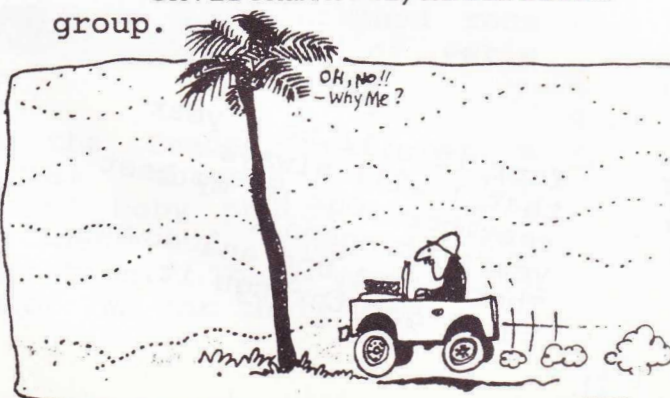
Over 65: excellent

35-65: average

below 35: we hope you will take up some of the ideas in this questionnaire.



PLAY IT AGAIN SAM - WIND SYMPHONY.



2 The loneliest tree in the world was in a tiny oasis in a desert in Africa. There were no other trees within 50 kilometres. Even so, extraordinarily, a man accidentally drove into it.



# Wind symphony A knockout....

Friday the third of August was a big day for the music staff and students of Williamtown High.

After inviting music students from the near-by schools: Altona Tech, Jamieson Park High, Werribee High, Braybrook High, Strathmore High and Paisley High, we had our hands full with 287 students in total (including us).

Added to this we invited Melbourne University's 'Wind Symphony', a group of 120 trainee music teachers.

These students from Melbourne Uni arrived to tutor us at 2 o'clock. We divided into 3 main groups - Junior, Intermediate and Advanced for each instrument.

We had tutorials all through the afternoon (with breaks of course!), ending with a big main rehearsal as a band and (finally!) dinner.

At 7.30 p.m. the fun began. With our school hall filled with people we were ready to begin the concert.

The Juniors started off, followed by the Intermediates and Advanced. Then Wind Symphony took over for the rest of the evening, entertaining us with a wide range of music. Finally, for the last number, we all joined together for 'Radestsky March'.

All in all, it was a successful day!

Aicha Brogan



# Violence in the local community

Williamstown is considered to be in a district called 'M', which is then broken up into 4 divisions, as follows:-

- Division 1 - Altona, Laverton, Werribee
- Division 2 - Williamstown, Newport, Spotswood
- Division 3 - Seddon, Footscray, Kingsville, Yarraville
- Division 4 - Maidstone, Sunshine

## How many reports?

In this "M" district, there are 194 family incident reports over a period of 5 months, which covers 6% of the total metropolitan districts.

## When and what time?

Overall, in the Melbourne Metropolitan District 26.2% of cases occur in between 7.00pm and 10.00pm, although this varies. For example:-  
On Monday - Friday incidents occur between 6.00pm and midnight. 85% of the incidents analysed occurred outside the business hours of 9.00am - 5.00pm they occur when provision of services to people in crisis is at its lowest.

On Saturday - Sunday has a greater spread of incidents over the 24 hour period not only is the number of incidents greater throughout the day, on weekends, but 49.5% occur between Friday midnight - Sunday midnight.

## Sex of principal party

	F(No.%)	M(No.%)	Total (No.%)
Sex of Victim/	F 33 4.3	578 75.5	611 79.8
Plaintiff	M 62 8.1	88 11.3	150 19.6
Total	95 12.4	666 86.9	761 99.3

The total % is not 100% as some sexes of one or both parties was not given.

## How often is violence used in the district?

The following information shows when violence was used or threatened in the 'M' district.

Used	Threatened	None	Not given	Total
No. %	No. %	No. %	No. %	
46 23.7	62 32.0	84 43.3	2 1.0	194

## How often was there a presence of alcohol?

	Definite	Possible	None	Not given
Total of each	No. %	No. %	No. %	No. %
	159 38.8	458 14.1	1390 42.8	137 4.2

Often alcohol is quoted as the reason for violence within households. 51.3 of the 766 cases where violence was used against a person the assailant was intoxicated.

Overall, alcohol is present in 38.8% of all incidents recorded.

**attacks**  
**killed**  
**THREAT**  
**ASSAULT ABUSE**  
**Shock**  
**fight**

# frenzy assault KILLED arrest

How often do the Police use violence and firearms?

In a four month period, these are the results:-

		Number
Violence against person	Used	417
	Threatened	667
	None	889
	Blank	63
Violence against property	Used	299
	Threatened	211
	None	1284
	Blank	242
Firearms	Used	2
	Threatened	58
	None	1702
	Blank	274

Note that more than 1 action can be taken for each incident. In some cases, charges may be made against an offender at a later stage, and in some cases, the victim may, for various reasons request the police to take no action (eg. if there are psychiatric problems). In other cases, there may not be enough evidence for the police to act upon you.

Police are trained to deal with family violence cases, and counselling is common with the offender and victim.

fears  
'threat'  
Kill

Nova Mikin  
Year 11

## An example.....

"Clean up the mess", he yelled. It shattered my silence. The silence that I experienced only every so often. The silence which I cherished. I quickly jumped to my feet and obeyed his command.

My father has always yelled at me. He seems to have a power over me which terrifies me. I always try to satisfy him but nothing seems to work. Whatever it is that I do he always finds a mistake.

"You haven't picked that up, Jane, and what did I tell you about the dishwasher? Unpack it, don't wait for me to tell you".

I quickly walked to the kitchen and unpacked the dishwasher and laid the table. Hopefully that will keep him quiet until after dinner.

Slap!

It stung. It stung ever so much. Tears sprang into my eyes. They weren't tears of pain but tears of anger. Anger which has built up over the last fifteen years.

I walked to my room quietly. I was very lonely. My older sister of one and a half years was away on camp. Not that it would matter if she was here or not, but the company would be nice. I sat down to read.

"Jane, come here now" yelled father. I moved fast, the slower I am the more angry he gets. "I thought I told you to iron my clothes for work".

"Yes, father, but Mum told me that she will do it for me".

"When I tell you to do something I mean it".

I was scared. He was very violent tonight. I could smell the bitter-sweet scent of alcohol on his breath. That usually meant it was a bad day.

"Now get out and iron my clothes". I told him I had no time, I have too much homework. Once I said that I wished to dear God I hadn't.

He stood up. All six foot four of him. He towered above me.

"What did you say? You little good for nothing tramp".

"Please, father, I will iron your clothes right away".

I turned to go. He pulled me back by my hair. He started hitting me. Not like before but harder, much harder. My eyes went all blurry, my ears started ringing. I could feel every blow as my body grew limp. I tried to struggle but I was fighting a losing battle. Just as I had been doing for fifteen years.

All the time that he was hitting me I could hear him abusing me. Before I knew it he punched me in the nose. I could taste the foulness of my blood as it slowly dribbled into my mouth. With that punch I fell to the ground. On my way down I banged my head violently on the corner of the marble table. I passed out. I don't now how long for, though. It could have been twenty minutes or two hours. I really don't know. All I remember was saying "I promise, father, I will do as you say".

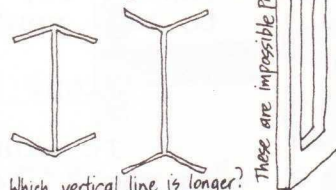
And that was it.

Sometimes I look back on that day and cry. The fear that I was constantly feeling, the pain and the anger. All because I wasn't perfect, but then again, who on this earth is?

Try some of these body tricks, you'll never be able to do them.



You have probably seen these but they're still interesting.



Which vertical line is longer? Guess first, then measure them and finally...  
**THE GOOD OLD IMPOSSIBLE TRIANGLE**  
Look at this for long enough and it will drive you crazy.

These are impossible things.

I was born on the 4th January 1970 in a small town about fifty miles to the south of Caging. I was the second child in the family after my sister.

Before 1975, life in Vietnam was fairly easy. My father was a soldier and also a mechanic. He never held a gun or shot anyone. His job was to be a mechanic, nothing more. My mother was a primary school teacher. They were both working so they could afford a baby sitter who also did the housework. I was brought up quite well. I went to kindergarten when I was three. The first day at school I was so nervous, because I thought from now on I would have to live under the rule of school. A few weeks later, I found school interesting because I could make friends, have fun and receive an education.

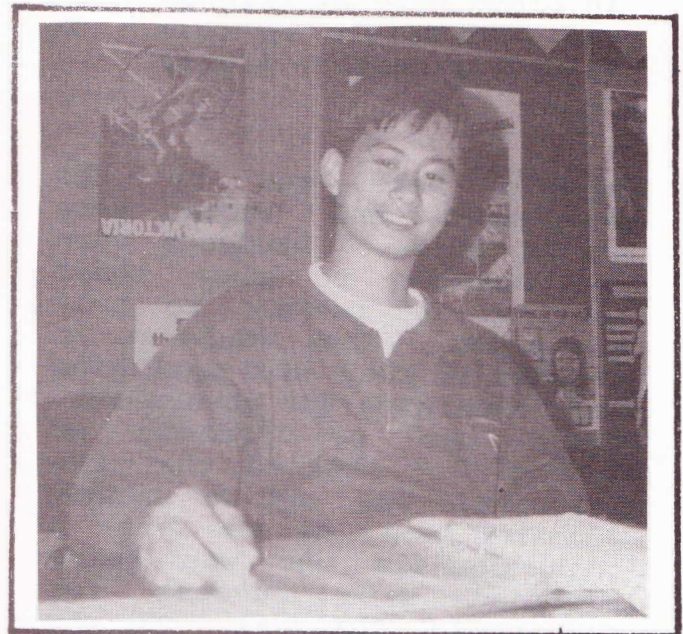
My father occasionally came home for a few days. When the whole family gathered together we usually went for short holidays like visiting friends and relatives. Vietnam was at war at that time. I was used to it; soldiers marching, screams of tanks,... My place was quite safe compared with the other part of the country.

Once, we had to spend nights and days under the cellar, people murmured among one another, everyone was worried. I heard a baby crying in the noise of gun-fire. The noisy sound was far away but I thought it was in front of me. I realized how dangerous it was and thought of how my father could be out there. I wished the war would end soon and I am sure many people had the same wish as me.

## My turning point

### My future lay ahead

A few months later some bad news came. My father had been injured in the ankle. For that reason he quit the army and opened a small garage. Then my mother gave birth to my brother and two sisters. Family life became crowded. I felt that mum and dad did not love me as they had done before. However I shared love among my brother and sisters.



It was on the 13th April 1975, when the North invaded the South and took control of the whole country. Life became harder. Under communist rule there were no private businesses, no monopolies, no meetings or strikes, ... society had changed dramatically and even the basic human rights had been ignored. I was too young to know all about this.

On weekends I used to hang around with my friends. Soccer was my favourite past-time. I also enjoyed swimming. There was a big pond near my house containing the water supply for the rice fields. We went there for swimming. Vietnam is the country of villages. There are many channels connecting the various parts of the South like a transport network. It was very interesting to travel on a small boat from place to place.

By the time I got into High School I became a little more conscious about society. I proudly say that I was a good student. I was voted to be a leader in class. All members in class were my friends and I was responsible to them. We valued friendship highly.

Schools were run by the government and there were strict rules. Students were too nervous to show their feelings or rather, to tell the truth. They would be in trouble if they said something bad concerning the government. There was no freedom of speech. I noticed that the principal was not a highly educated man, he was just a good comrade who was being rewarded with success for supporting communism. He was installed as a principal in order to control the content of our education.

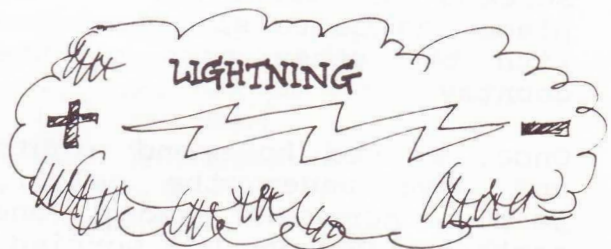
In 1979, Vietnam declared war with its neighbour Cambodia. Thousands of young Vietnamese troops were sent to the killing fields to do what the government called "international duty". Many died. Some others were seriously injured. That was a great threat to people.

My father was still working as a mechanic. The government did not encourage private business and placed heavy taxes on the owners. My father had to work harder. Sometimes he worked twelve hours a day. My mother did not earn much money in her job as a teacher. Everyone who worked for the government was poorly paid. I sometimes helped my father in my holidays. From the first time I worked with him I could see how hard he worked to make money. Later on I knew that he had been saving money to pay for me and my brother to escape.

My parents never thought of leaving the country. But they had no choice then. I would be in Cambodia soon when I was eighteen. My sister could not go for further education because of my father. We actually had no future.

On the 2nd June 1986, I left Vietnam with my uncle, leaving behind relatives, friends and a homeland that I will never forget. I knew that it could be a dangerous trip and a hard life without parents. However, it was my turning point. I could see my future ahead.

Hui Tran



Droplets of water containing positive and negative electric charges collect in different parts of the cloud.

A very high voltage can build up between the two charges in the cloud or between the cloud and the ground.

**Whammo!** The air rapidly expands and sound waves are generated

YEAH  
ITS COOL!



**HAPPY BIRTHDAY WILLY!  
75TH ANNIVERSARY**

**A DSP Funded Project.**